A

POEM

ON

The King's Voyage to Holland.

Written in an Epiſtle to the Honourable *CHARLES MONTAGUE*, Eſq; By a Perſon of Quality.

SInce you oft invite me to renew
An Art I've either loſt, or never knew;
Pleas'd my paſt follies kindly to commend,
And fondly loſe the Critick in the Friend.
Tho my warm youth untimely be decay'd,
From grave to dull, inſenſibly betraid.
I'll contradict the humour of the times,
(Inclin'd to buſineſs, and averſe to rhimes)
And to obey the man I love, in ſpight
Of the worlds genius, and my own, I'll write.
But think not that I vainly do aſpire
To rival what I only would admire;

The heat and beauty of your manly thought,
And force like that with which your *Hero* fought,
Like *Simpſons* riddle is that powerful Song,
Sweet as the Honey, as the Lion ſtrong.
The colours there ſo artfully are laid,
They fear no luſtre, and they want no ſhade
Yet ſince this very act may well infuſe
Some happy rapture in the humbleſt Muſe:
When *William*'s deeds, and reſcu'd *Europe*'s joy
Does every tongue, and every pen employ.
'Tis to think Treaſon ſure, to ſhew no zeal,
And not to write, is almoſt to rebel.
Let *Albion* then forgive her meaneſt ſon,
Who would continue what her beſt begun:
Who leaving conqueſt, and the pomp of war,
Would ſing the pious King's divided care.
How eagerly he flew when *Europe*'s fate
Did for the ſeeds of future actions wait:
And how two Nations did the tranſport boaſt,
Which was belov'd, and lov'd the Victor moſt.
How joyful *Belgia* gratefully prepar'd
Trophies and Vows for her returning Lord.
How the fair Iſle with rival paſſion ſtrove,
How by her ſorrow ſhe expreſt her love.
When he withdrew from what his arm had freed,
And how ſhe bleſt his way, yet ſigh'd and ſaid
Is it decreed my *Hero* ne'r ſhall reſt,
Ne'r be of me, or I of him poſſeſt.
Scarce had I met his vertue with my throne,
(By right, by merit, and by arms his own)
But *Ireland*'s freedom, and the Wars alarms
Call'd him from *Mary* and his *Maria*'s charms.
As the great lamp by which the Globe is bleſt,
Conſtant in toyl, and ignorant of reſt.

Through

Through different regions does his courſe purſue,
And leaves one world but to revive a new.
While, by a pleaſing change, the Queen of night
Relieves his luſtre with a milder light.
So when your beams do diſtant Nations chear,
The Partner of your Crown ſhall mount the ſphere
But why has fate maliciouſly decreed
That greateſt bleſſings muſt by turns ſucceed:
Here ſhe relented, and would urge his ſtay
By all that fondneſs and that grief could ſay:
Fate call'd; the *Hero* muſt his way purſue,
And her cries leſſen'd as the ſhore withdrew:
The winds were ſilent, and the gentle main
Bore an auſpicious Omen of his raign;
When *Neptune* owning whom thoſe Seas obey,
Nodded, and bad the chearful *Tritons* play.
At *William's* Name each fill'd his vocal ſhell,
And on the happy ſound rejoyc'd to dwell;
Some ſung his Birth, and how diſcerning fate
Sav'd infant vertue 'gainſt a powerful ſtate;
Others ſung *Perſeus*, and the injur'd maid
Redeem'd by the wing'd Warriers timely aid;
Or in myſterious numbers did infold
Sad modern truths wrapt up in tales of old.
How *Saturn* fluſh'd with arbitrary power
Deſign'd his lawful iſſue to devour.
But *Jove* (reſerv'd for better fate) withſtood
The *black contrivance of the doating god.*
With arms he came, his guilty Father fled,
('Twas *Italy* ſecur'd his frighted head)
And by his flight, reſign'd his empty Throne,
And cripple Empire to his worthier Son.
Then in one note their artful force they joyn,
Eager to reach the Victor and the *Boyne.*

How

How on the wandring bank the Heroe ſtood
Laviſhly bold, and deſperately good;
Till Fate deſigning to convince the brave,
That they can dare no more than Heaven can ſave
Let death approach, and yet with-held the ſting,
Wounded the man, diſtinguiſhing the King;
They had inlarg'd, but found the ſtrain too ſtrong,
And in ſoft notes allay'd the bolder ſong.
Flow gentle *Boyne* (they cry'd) and round thy head
For ever may victorious wreaths be ſpread;
All waters ſhall unite their fame in thee,
Loſt in thy waves, as thoſe are in the ſea.
Smoth was the liquid plain, the ſleeping wind
More to the Sea than to its Maſter kind,
Darkneſs and Ice in vain obſtruct his way,
Holland is near, and nature muſt obey.
Charg'd with our hopes, the Boat ſecurely rode,
For *Ceſar* and his Fortune were the load.
With eager tranſport *Belgia* met her ſon,
Yet trembling for the danger he had run,
Till certain of her joy, ſhe bow'd her head,
Confeſt her Lord, bleſt his return, and ſaid,
If paſſion by long abſence does improve,
And makes that rapture which before was love,
Think on my old, my intermitted bliſs,
And by my former pleaſure meaſure this.
Our better Fortune with our Prince was gone,
Conqueſt was only there where he led on.
But this return ſhall fill our kinder fate,
For thee our Counſels, thee our Armies wait:
Diſcording Princes ſhall with thee combine,
And centre all their intereſts in thine.
And all united, make a Gordian Knott,
Which neither craft ſhall looſe, or force ſhall cut.

FINIS.